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Northern Messenger

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And Immediately He Was With Them.

In his account of the night of storm on Lake Galilee, Mark tells us in the sixth chapter and fiftieth verse of his record, that the disciples 'were troubled and immediately Jesus talked with them.' It would not be beyond human experience if we should come some time in life to 'the fourth watch of the night,' as did the struggling, baffled, frightened, and weary disciples that night of storm. Like them, we, too, may be troubled, for in that hour the night was dark; the waves rolling high; the ship filling with water; and the outlook for reaching land doubtful. Just here for us, as for them, comes glad, unexpected relief. When things begin to look the most inexplicable, and we have stood about all that it seems we are able to endure, we find a strange sense of deliverance taking possession of us. When the waves seem the biggest; when we feel we could never pull another stroke of the oar; when hope sinks the lowest, then 'immediately,' at that very instant, says Mark, the Christ is near. Not near to deepen our wonder and startle us by the strange reality of his presence, but near to 'talk' with us; to tell us how and why he came; to reveal to us in the calming of the storm of fear his wondrous power and to quiet our fears and weariness. Oh, blessed Christ! help us remember that when the troubles come thou art 'immediately' with us to speak the word of help.

—From 'The Good Shepherd,' published by Blackie & Son, Glasgow.

—'Baptist Courier.'

'Poorer Than They.'

The following incident is given by Jacob A. Riis in his 'Silhouettes from the Slums:'

I remember seeing a tenement at the bottom of a back alley, over on the East Side, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer window. It was mid-winter, and they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his push-cart, and robbed them of their only source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night.

The daughter was not able to work, but she said cheerfully that they were 'getting along.' When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for many days, was starving, in fact—indeed, she died within a year, of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades in the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing—she met her pastor's gentle chiding with the excuse, 'Oh, your church has many that are poorer than I. I don't want to take your money."

These were Germans, ordinarily held to be close-fisted, but I found out that in their dire distress they had taken in an old man who was past working, and kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was 'poorer than they,' and lonely, and hungry and cold.

The Consistency of Love and Punishment.

(Frank E. R. Miller, in the 'Standard.')

Some people profess to believe that the idea of divine punishment is a relic of savage superstition. They claim that if it is predicated of God it makes him out a cruel and inhuman monster. A God whose other name is Love cannot and will not chastise. The notion is utterly unworthy of men and women in this age of enlightenment, and it adds no necessary attribute to the glories of the divine nature.

But, is this true? Is the 'wrath of the Lamb' an incongruous and impossible conception?

If so, then a boy of ten years who tells his mother a lie and is whipped for it, must believe that his parent is hateful, cruel and vindictive. If so, then the child, who disobeys the law of her teacher in the school room, when told to remain after hours and remedy her deficiency, must conclude that her instructor is spiteful and revengeful. If so, then the thief, who has been proved guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary, must decide that the jury has a grudge against him, that the prosecuting attorney despises him, that the judge thoroughly detests him, and that all these persons combined are glad to see him go to prison or be confined at hard labor for a term of years.

Nonsense! James Whitcomb Riley, in a poem entitled 'A Boy's Mother,' shows us that to love and to punish are entirely consistent:

'My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no sir!—
Can't any boy be good as her!

'She loves me when I'm glad or sad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An' what's the funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

'I don't like her to punish me,—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—Nen I cry; an nen
We both cry an' be good again.'

It is this view of the consistency of punishment with love which the Bible gives to us in its teaching about God. God loves his chil-

dren, therefore when they disobey him they do so to their hurt. He warns, 'If ye will not hearken unto me then I will punish you.' To those who persist in the transgression of his laws he adds severely, 'I will punish you seven times more for your sins.' The Psalmist, who knew what he was talking about, exclaimed: 'Blessed is the man who thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.' Is not the experience of every one of us voiced by the writer to the Hebrews: 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward—(afterward)—it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.'

Hence, because God 'knows how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished,' he declares the strength of his character. Our Heavenly Father is not a weakling in any particular, hence he can love and fondle; he can teach and wait patiently for us to learn; he can warn us against sin and punish us for its commission.

Thinking in this direction Dr. Hillis says: 'Nature counts it unsafe to permit a wrong to go unpunished. Nature finds it dangerous to allow the youth to sin against brain or nerve or digestion without visiting sharp penalties upon the offender.' John Ruskin has said: 'Modern doubts of eternal punishment are not so much the consequence of benevolence as of feeble powers of reasoning.'

Penalty? Yes, but no more severe and widespread than the sowing of the sin which is its seed.

Be Ye 'Free.'

'Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have; for himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee. So that with good courage we say, The Lord is my helper, I will not fear; what shall man do unto me?' It is plain that the help promised herein is the same kind of help that a worldling would expect from his money, as it is the love of money that is being discussed. It is therefore evident that God wants his children to understand that they have a God-given right to go to sleep at night free from all anxiety and worry, whether they have anything in bank or not. There are many Christian people who have faith on spiritual lines, who would consider it presumption to ask God to give them their daily bread. They load themselves with unnecessary anxieties and cares connected with the question of support and income, and by so doing poison and weaken their spiritual life. If it is safe to trust God to save our souls, why isn't it just as safe to trust him to keep us from disaster and want? Surely with God for our helper there is no danger that we shall ever come to want.—'Ram's Horn.'

How Two Lawyers Were Converted.

Dr. Torrey, the evangelist, told the following story: 'There were two noted lawyers, one named West, the other Lyttelton. These two men were both Deists. They believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, but not in the Bible, the Divinity of Christ, nor the resurrection. One day they met, and commenced talking about Christianity. And West said to Lyttelton, "Well, Lyttelton, there is no use of our talking Deism unless we can get rid of two things—the conversion of Saul of Tarsus and the resurrection of Jesus Christ." "Well," said Lyttelton, "I will write a book to prove the story of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus is a myth." West said, "I will write a book to prove the resurrection of Christ from the dead is a myth." After awhile they met again, and West said to Lyttelton, "Have you written your book?" "Yes," he said, "but while I was studying about the conversion of Saul of Tarsus I became convinced that Saul of Tarsus was converted just that way, that he really met the risen Christ, and saw Him in the glory. And so I have written my book in defence of Christianity." "Well," West said, "I have written my book, too, but when I came to study the evidence as a lawyer would, thoroughly and candidly, I became convinced that Jesus Christ rose from the dead as the Scriptures say, and I have written my book in defence of Christianity, proving the resurrection of Jesus Christ." '—'Christian Herald.'

How God Helps Us.

How does God help us when we most need help? The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells us as follows:—

'He does not wait until we are at our fairest and best. He stoops to help us at our deadest and dullest, our poorest and worst, when our life is at its last spark. He can help us and keep us in the most trying circumstances, however bleak winds blow, whatever biting frosts come. A most gracious, gentle, pitiful Saviour, is He, and as mighty as He is gentle. Press up to Him, go on your way communing with Him. Cleave to Him; your life; rest in Him, your loving Lord.'—'Christian Age.'

A Poor Woman's Threepenny-pieces.

One of the 'Regions Beyond' helpers in Liverpool is only a poor woman. 'I went to her house one day (says a writer) to collect the money. As I opened her box quite a shower of threepenny-pieces came out. She saw me looking at them somewhat surprised, and said, "Would you like to know how there are so many?" Then she told me that although her husband's wages were only £1 a week, together with a free house, and although her family was large (she had six children), she had promised the Lord that all the threepenny-pieces she got should go into the missionary box. She told me of one occasion, two or three weeks before, when things seemed specially low and she needed money more than ever, so many things being required. She had been buying her weekly groceries, and as the man handed her the change, there, among the coppers, were no fewer than three threepenny-pieces. The devil tempted her to break her promise by whispering. "Could not you ask him to give you coppers for two of them? This is too much of a good thing—three: it is such a lot." She told me the words almost came from her lips, but, asking God to give her strength to keep her vow, she put them into her purse and walked straight home and up to the missionary box, and dropped them in. I asked her how she did that week. She said, "I scarcely know how I did, but God made the things go further—at least, it seemed just like it." That is an illustration of how some of those who are very poor as far as this world's goods are concerned are denying themselves that they may give largely to the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom.'

Religious Notes.

In 1891 the Moravians opened a mission in German East Africa at the northern end of Lake Nyasa. It was more than five years before one convert was baptized. After seven years' work there were 4 Moravian stations, 36 pupils in school, and 52 Christians. At the end of 1906 after fifteen years' work, that mission had 306 stations and substations, and 1,193 souls under religious instruction, of whom 434 were baptized.

The German Mission to Blind Females in China, in its thirteenth annual report, records many reasons for thanksgiving. The confidence of the Chinese has been completely gained, and so many blind girls applied for admission to the home at Hongkong that an addition had to be built. Now more than 80 pupils can be accommodated, and a third deaconess has been added to the missionary force. The number of pupils in the school was 36 when the report was written, and two native female helpers were employed in addition to the deaconesses. The older girls, after graduating from the school, are occupied with other work. Some have become experienced weavers and thus contribute their share to the income of the home. Two of the girls were confirmed last year.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

A correspondent writes from a 'Home' in Tokio, of which there is much need in all parts of Japan, that there are at that home for rescued girls 20 women and girls whose ages range from six to thirty. Even little girls have been sold into lives of sin. Three who are aged six, ten and fourteen years were rescued from an aunt who was planning to sell them, their mother being extremely poor and incompetent. They are exceptionally bright, active, and pretty little girls. All of the girls are trying to learn to be self-supporting, so as to be able to earn an honest living. They have learned to knit golf-jackets, gloves, mittens, shawls, etc., which have been sold and help a little towards the expenses. These girls also spend some hours daily in study, as their education has been neglected. There is a teacher at the home for those who are too old to attend school. Some of the younger ones attend the public school, and several have been received into mission schools as free pupils.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

$25,000 will pay for a college or church building.

$13,000 will send out 12 medical missionaries for one year.

$10,000 will build a hospital and dispensary, or a girls' school.

$5,000 will build a girls' school, or an operating room and surgeon's ward, or will support a station.

$3,000 will build a Bible training school.

$2,000 will build an orphanage.

$1,500 will support a small mission station or a married missionary for one year.

$1,100 will send out for a year an educational, a medical, or an evangelistic missionary.

$1,000 will permit expansion where greatly needed.

$600 will support an unmarried missionary.

$400 mill provide for a day school.

$150 will provide for a native doctor.

$75 will pay for a native hospital assistant, or a native teacher.

$40 will provide a scholarship for a native medical assistant.

$30 will provide a boarding school scholarship.

$25 will provide a Bible training school scholarship.

$20 will provide 1 of 30 shares in a missionary's salary.—'Review of Reviews.'

Pithy Sayings of John Wesley

It is a happy thing if we can learn obedience by the things which we suffer.

It is plain God sees it best for you frequently to walk in a thorny path.

When I devoted to God my ease, my time, my fortune, my life, I did not except my reputation.

Be punctual. Whenever I am to go to a place the first thing I do is to get ready; then, what time remains is my own.

Acknowledgments.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1907.

Joshua, Israel's New Leader.

Joshua i., 1-11. Memory verse, 7. Read Numbers xxvii., 12-23; Joshua i.

Golden Text.

'I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Josh. i., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 30.—Ex. xvii., 8-16.

Tuesday, October 1.—Num. xvi., 6-10; 26-39.

Wednesday, October 2.—Num. xxvii., 15-23.

Thursday, October 3.—Deut. iii., 18-29.

Friday, October 4.—Deut. xxxi., 9-23.

Saturday, October 5.—Josh. i., 1-19.

Sunday, October 6.—Josh. xxvii., 1-14.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Let us say the golden text over all together. 'I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' What does that mean? Say the same thing in other words—I will always be ready to help you when you need me, and will never leave you alone. Do you remember who it was that died in our last lesson? We are told that God buried him, you know. Yes, it was Moses that I mean. Now that Moses was dead, were the Israelites left all alone? No, God was still caring for them, and more than that, he provided another man to take Moses' place. It was to this new leader that God said the words of our text. Joshua, this new leader, had been serving God for a great many years, so that when God wanted him to take a higher position, he was ready. It meant a great responsibility, however, and so God tells him that he, God himself, will always be ready to hear his call, to give him help, and in fact, would be with him all the time.

Try to make the children see that in one sense our life here on earth and in another sense our life beyond, form our promised land. That before we can gain all that God has for us there are many enemies to overcome, and difficulties to face. That just as Joshua had the book of the Law to guide him, and the promise of God's presence, so we have God's word, the Bible, and may be just as sure of God's love and continued care. Recall the words of Jesus, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'

FOR THE SENIORS.

The rather common impression is that Joshua was a comparatively young man when he took over the command of the Israelites, but so far as there is any means of judging, he must have been somewhere about eighty years of age at this time, Jewish tradition has it that he was 83. He was a man of experience and ability when he commanded the forces of Israel against the Amalekites shortly after leaving Egypt, and during the forty years since then he was in attendance upon Moses. God chose in this case a man trained to his position by experience, and the habit of obedience. It is true that God can make us of any material offered him, but it is probable that the unready man with the best of intentions will be passed over for the one whose intentions have expressed themselves in deeds. We can never train ourselves too highly for God's work. With all his preparedness there seems to have been a slight hesitation on Joshua's part in the face of his great new responsibility, if we may judge by the iteration of God's prompting to 'Be strong and of a good courage.' The memory of Gods' presence in the past was not sufficient assurance for this new and unknown future, and God gives his servant a further assurance of his care and guidance. The emphasis that is placed on Joshua's studying, and acting upon the written revelation of God's will is a word much needed today. In fact the lesson is eminently practical for any Christian to take to heart.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Joshua. His original name Hoshea, 'Salvation,' transformed into Jehoshua, or Joshua, 'God's salvation'; and this, according to the modifications which Hebrew names underwent in their passage through the Greek language, took, in the latter ages of the Jewish Church, sometimes the form of Jason, but more frequently that which has been indelibly impressed upon history as the greatest of all names,—Jesus. The first Joshua was to save his people from their actual foes. The second was to 'save His people from their sins.'—(Matt. i., 21.)—Stanley, in 'History of the Jewish Church.'

It is Thinking that makes what we read Ours. Andrew Bonar tells of a simple Christian in a farmhouse who had 'meditated the Bible through three times.' This is precisely what the Psalmist had done; he had gone past reading into meditation. Like Luther, he 'had shaken every tree in God's garden, and gathered fruit therefrom.' The idea of meditation is 'to get into the middle of a thing.' Meditation is to the mind what digestion is to the body. Unless the food is digested, the body receives no benefit from it. If we would derive the fullest benefit from what we read or hear, there must be that mental digestion known as meditation. If we would 'buy the truth' we must pay the price which Paul intimates when he wrote to Timothy: 'Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them.'—G. B. F. Hallock.

The fault of the age is too much reading and too little thinking.—President Gilman of Johns Hopkins.

Make it the first morning business of your life to understand some portion of the Bible clearly; and your daily business to obey it in all you do understand.—Ruskin.

Let no man out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that any man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word.—Bacon.

It is not the number of books you read, nor the amount of religious conversation with which you mingle, but it is the frequency and earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till truths which may be in them become part of your own being, that insures spiritual growth.—F. W. Robertson.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Matt. xxviii., 18-20; Phil. iv., 13; Eph. v., 17; vi., 10, 17; I. Cor. xiv., 57, 58; II. Cor. i., 20; iv., 17, 18; x., 3-6; John xv., 4, 5, 7; Psa. xxxvii., 31; lxxvii., 12; Matt. iv., 4; Phil, iv., 8; Heb. xiii., 5.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Topic—Rally to the work! Ex. xiv., 15; II. Chron. xxxi., 20, 21. (Consecration meeting).

C. E. Topic.

SHORT-LIVED GOODNESS.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Hosea's message. Hos. vi., 1-3.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Seed in stony places. Matt. xii., 20, 21.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.—Leaving off to do good. Ps. xxxvi., 3.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Forgetting God.—Deut. viii., 11-14.

Friday, Oct. 4.—Turning from goodness. II. Pet. ii., 20, 21.

Saturday, Oct. 5.—Make your doings good. Jer. xviii., 11.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Topic—Goodness that does not last. Hos. vi., 4. (Consecration meeting.)

Pointers for Teachers.

1. When teaching the lesson, do not stop to call a child to order, as this breaks the line of thought and often causes more disorder in the whole class. 2. Do not be suspicious of the children. 3. Do not watch them too closely. 4 Show confidence in them. 5. Make a distinction between viciousness and weakness. 6. Exercise self-control. 7. Avoid coming in direct opposition to a child's will. 8. Show no favoritism. 9. Lead rather than command. 10. Keep pupils busy. 11. Encourage self-respect. 12. Avoid a monitor system.—'Black.'

Give Him Something to do.

The teacher who is very much in the way of the boy in the Sunday school is the teacher who imagines that Johnny is a little lamb. Johnny is not a lamb; he has very few of the traits of a lamb. He is not even a kid, though everybody calls him one. Johnny is a goat—with all the vim, and push, and proneness to turn up in unexpected places, and get-at-it-iveness, and blood-curdling dare of a goat. He doesn't want to be treated as a lamb. He doesn't want you to pat him on the head. He doesn't want to be called little. He doesn't want to be 'O deared.' He wants to be doing things, and all he asks of you is to give him a chance. You can hitch a lamb to a little waggon and he will stand all day while you gently stroke his fleecy wool and weave garlands around his neck. When you hitch a goat to a waggon he wants to go. No; a boy is not a lamb.—'Push.'

Visit the Sick One.

A sick scholar should be visited. No excuse will answer for neglect of this duty. The death angel is swift in his flight. Do not let his visit precede yours. It is the rule to send for the doctor when sickness occurs, but the teacher is supposed to know it from intuition. How mortifying to hear such words as these: 'My Willie was sick for four weeks, and his teacher never came near him, and she passed down the next street nearly every day!' The teacher did not know Willie was sick, but ignorance is no excuse for thus neglecting one of God's little ones. Carry a few picture-cards, or flowers, or a little fruit. Always drop a few loving, tender words of sympathy, and do not forget the prayer at the bedside of the little one. Such visits will never be forgotten.—Israel Black.

Use a Map.

One reason why some children take no interest in Bible stories is because they have not the slightest idea where the incidents related occurred. To make a story interesting it must be given a local habitation as well as a name. The child must see the place and the people. The cure for a great deal of the indifference to Bible history is a faithful study of Bible geography. Get the children thoroughly interested in the land of the Book and you will have little difficulty in getting them interested in the Book. The most pressing need of many a class is a map and a teacher who knows how to use it. Never mind about a bought map. A simple outline on a blackboard or on a sheet of paper is better. What you want is not merely to own a map, but to use the map you own.—'Push.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Dead at Thirty.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the sycophant crowd,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your wines rich and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day, 'neath the sod in your shroud!

Just for the sake of being called clever—dashing—
By human hogs living outside of a pen,
The rain on your cold bed is ceaselessly splashing,
While you should be living—a man among men,

Just for the sake of being pointed at—looked at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the follies of weak brains—like yours that
Are dead as the dreams which your boyish soul knew.

You feigned a contempt for the sovereigns yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boisterous mirth,
Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
You are nothing, to-day, but a boxful of earth.

Captain and Stowaway.

(The Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in the 'Christian World.')

More than twenty years ago the steamship 'Cpyrian' left Liverpool and passed down the Mersey, under the command of Captain Strachan. The weather was wild, and many commanders would have remained in dock; but Captain Strachan was brave, and the vessel steamed out to sea. When she was off the coast of North Wales the storm increased, and soon the vessel was in dire peril. In the middle of the night the tempest became a hurricane, and the boat shipped sea after sea, until at last, with fires damped and broken rigging, she crashed upon a rock. At once it was clear that the vessel would be lost, and the captain called on his crew to save themselves as best they could. The poor sailors rushed about and seized anything they thought would help them to float, and before all of them had left the doomed vessel the dawn straggled white and wan through a clouded sky.

When nearly everyone was gone, Captain Strachan, feeling he had done his best, went and got himself a lifebelt, so that he also might leave the vessel, But as he was standing on the deck he suddenly noticed a poor, wretched, shivering boy whom he had never seen before. Above the noise of the storm he called out: 'Who are you, my lad?' And the poor boy, trembling with cold and fright, said: 'Please, sir, I am the boy what stowed away.' This meant that he had stolen on board the vessel without any right to do so; and as he faced the wild weather and knew that soon he would be shipwrecked, he must have wished that he had stayed at home. But there was little time to think about anything, and the captain, instead of being angry with him, looked at him and was sorry. Then suddenly Captain Strachan took the lifebelt he himself was going to wear and buckled it around the boy. 'There, my lad,' he said, 'you wear this. I can swim.' The boy, hardly knowing what was happening, let it be fastened about him and then jumped into the sea. Some hours later the people on the shore found the poor boy battered and bruised and cold, but still alive, on the edge of the beach. But storm and waves were too strong for Captain Strachan, and he was drowned.

Is not this a fine story? It has been made into poetry by Clement Scott, under the title of 'The Story of a Stowaway,' and if you can find it anywhere it would be good for you to learn it and recite it. But there is also something else I want you to learn as well. Captain Strachan was just splendid to give up his belt and to die for the sake of the poor little boy. Did you know that Someone greater than Captain Strachan, Someone whose name is Jesus Christ, once died to help boys and girls to be better? He died so that we might have life and might live the kind of life that pleases Him. Who knows the kind of life that peases Jesus Christ? It is a life full of deeds of unselfishness like that of Captain Strachan. How often do you give up something for someone else? How often do you do a little kindness to other people? Little men and little women should every day ask God to help them to give up something so as to help other boys and girls. Being greedy and selfish and taking all the advantage you can and keeping everything for yourself are very bad behavior, indeed. But to give up what you can so that other children may be happier or better off is not only like Captain Strachan, it is Christlike as well.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Touch of a Gentle Hand.

T. S. Arthur tells us somewhere of the power that rests in a "gentle hand." Belated in his travels he called at a farmhouse. He was greeted first at the door by a huge dog. As he was about to retire with fear, a slender girl appeared and with a gentle voice commanded the dog to go into the house. The voice at once controlled the animal. "Who is there?" growled a voice from within, and Arthur was told that he could not remain over night. The girl's hand soon rested on her father's arm, and a gentle voice spoke a few tender words, when the rough voice modulated and the stranger was made welcome. Several times in the course of the evening was the power which rested in that slender girl's hand and voice clearly manifested. As morning dawned and Arthur was about to depart, the farmer informed that he could ride to town. The offer was gladly accepted. As they took their seat in the buggy, however, the horse, a rough-looking Canadian pony, stubbornly refused to go. The farmer jerked and whipped the horse, but all to no effect.

'A stout lad now came out into the road and, catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using at the same time the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however, Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

'"Do not do so, John," said a gentle voice. The boy obeyed the touch of her hand. "Poor Dick," said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with her childlike hand. Then speaking to the pony, the stubborn little creature, turning his head as if to see the hand whose magic power he could not resist, started upon his journey as freely as if no silly crochet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

'"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said Mr. Arthur, speaking to his companion, as they rode away. The farmer's countenance lighted up with surprise and pleasure as he replied, "She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

'Indeed there was the secret of her power, the quality of her soul was perceived in the impression of her hand, even by dumb brutes, Even so can the magic touch and the gentle tones control the boy. In handling or correcting him, see that "mercy seasons justice," and that love be mingled with firmness.'—'Our' Dumb Animals.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is September, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

A Prayer 250 Years Old.

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly:
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast.

That by each deed and word and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

—Thomas Ellwood: A.D. 1639.

A Message for To-day.

Everyone who asks a civil question has a right to a civil answer and generally it is better to answer a question that is not civil in a civil spirit. It is a sign of good breeding, self-control and genuine manliness. Moreover its effects may be medicinal, diverting serious consequences; for there is nothing better than a soft answer to turn away wrath. They who travel need to inquire. That is a stranger's privilege. Many ask needless questions—foolish, possibly impertinent questions. But the man with the civil spirit in every case has the opportunity of showing that he is master of the situation because he is master of himself. When he might be curt or sarcastic, or angry or retaliative, he is not easily provoked, ruleth his own spirit and helps his weaker brother to control his. Civility is the spirit of gentleness, of self-mastery, of peace and of Christ.

I plead for cultivation of the spirit of civility, especially among young people. It is a beautiful virtue. It is the sweetest note among the discords of passing days. It cools the atmosphere, it keeps the heart at peace, it pleases God.

Civility does not consist in words only but in deeds, in looks and in smiles and manners. It is not a form but a habit—a life. It is not made manifest by age or sex or attire or reward, but by opportunity for gracious Christian service.—Bishop Henry Spellmeyer in the 'Epworth Herald.'

The Glow After the Plunge.

'Well, Elsie, do you feel the glow?' Mrs. Burns asked quizzically, as her niece, Elsie Thompson, danced into the house late one winter afternoon, her face beaming and eyes sparkling.

'You were right as usual, Aunt Agnes. I made the plunge, and now I certainly feel the glow. After all, it wasn't nearly as cold a plunge as I expected; it was almost lukewarm, in fact, for Anna had taken the chill off for me.'

'What do you two mean?' asked Mr. Burns, in a bewildered tone.

'Just this, Uncle Alfred,' Elsie laughingly explained. 'You know how I shrink from meeting strangers, and many a time I've walked around a block, or waited on the stairs, to put off the evil moment as long as possible. Anna Davis is the only girl I knew, or at least was until this afternoon, in the town. We had been at school together, and she asked a number of friends to her house this afternoon to meet me. When I told Auntie how timid I was over the idea of meeting so many strange girls all at once, she said: "My dear child, make your plunge without stopping to worry, and you'll come out of it all in a glow. Hesitating and shrinking from meeting strangers is like testing cold water with one finger or one foot—it feels absolutely icy. But plunge right in, be your natural self, and the first thing you know you'll be enjoying it immensely."'

'Heroic treatment, eh, little girl?' laughed her big uncle.

'But it worked, uncle; indeed it did. The girls were all so kind, and as auntie prophesied, I enjoyed myself every minute. Especially as Anna "took the chill off" by introducing me to every single one of them as her friend,

and for Anna's sake every one was lovely to me.'

As her uncle and aunt looked at Elsie's winsome face they thought that it was not only for Anna's sake they had been kind.

'It will never be so hard again to take the plunge, Aunt Agnes,' said Elsie later on; 'and do you know, auntie, there's a secret within a secret, for I was so busy thinking of what you had said, and so interested in meeting all the girls Anna had told me of, that I forgot all about myself, and forgot—actually forgot—to be shy.'

'You have found the real secret, dearie,' said her aunt, 'to forget yourself in thinking of others. That is only another name for one of the greatest things in life, real, true unselfishness. And unselfishness is always sure to bring its own warm heart-glow.'—'East and West.'

Keeping Your Friends.

Bright, attractive looking girls they were, with an air of breeziness about them very pleasant to behold. And they were talking together in such an animated manner that one felt sure they were discussing some important question seriously.

'Yes,' said one, the taller of the two, a girl who carried the weight of conviction, 'Lillian makes plenty of friends; but she does not keep them.'

'Certainly she does not hold their friendship any length of time,' was the answer. 'I had hoped Anna Dean would stand by her, but evidently she is tired of Lillian already.'

'And it is not to be wondered at; I fear Lillian is selfish; she is not willing to yield one notch, even to a friend.'

Then the girls turned a corner in the street, and we saw them no more, but we fell to pondering upon the art of keeping friends.

Do we ever realize how much of the happiness of life is due to our friends? 'William has a host of friends,' said a fond mother. 'I believe the boy never has time to think of himself; he is always doing something for others.' Later I met the brave, manly lad, with such a hearty air of comradeship about him that I did not wonder he was not allowed often to enjoy the privilege of being alone.

To have friends and hold them one must be friendly; we cannot reap the choicest fruits of friendship if we are not willing to contribute our share to the common stock. As a plant droops and fades without sunshine and air, so friendship cannot thrive where selfishness reigns in the heart.

So we must remember if we are to enjoy friendship in the keenest and brightest sense, we must be alert, and thoughtful, wise and loving, since it costs to be a friend.—'Leaves of Light.'

Being One's Self.

I can hear somebody ask, 'Why, who else could one be?' If you have never thought about it, or looked around among your friends, you very naturally suppose that the easiest thing and the simplest in the world is just to be one's own self.

Yet it depends a good deal on the individual. There are girls so sympathetic, so easily impressed and so sweet and amiable that they take the color of the passing moment and are apt to catch the tone of those around them, as a brook reflects the sun, and dimples in the breeze.

They will without hesitation agree to the sentiments of their neighbors for the reason that they dislike to seem contradictory and perverse.

You know that at times it makes one appear rather contrary and disputatious to take the opposite side, and it is often much easier to agree with people than to disagree with them.

Still, unless a girl has a will of her own and convictions about right and wrong and the habit of thinking and speaking sincerely, she does not amount to much.

Of course, there are essentials and non-essentials.

It is never worth while to raise an issue about a mere trifle, but if a principle is involved, one should be as firm as Gibraltar. Anything is better than being as soft as putty and as unstable as fluid.

Being yourself, in short, implies education, responsibility and character. The personal equation always counts.

I was talking not long ago with a friend about a dear girl whom we had both known and loved. She had been wonderfully gentle and not in the least aggressive. She never insisted on having her rights and was ready to concede a great deal that others might be contented and happy. I have seldom met any one less selfish, nor any one more entirely self-poised.

To be self-poised, keeping the balance steady and doing one's duty pleasantly without fuss so that one may be relied upon in every circumstance, is a different thing from being self-centred.

The self-centred girl thinks first about Number One.

The self-poised girl puts Number One in the background and is reluctant to bring her forward or intrude her on the attention of other people.

This girl, of whom we were speaking, was often in the centre of the stage, not because she wished to be, but because, notwithstanding her gentleness, she was a born leader, 'She raised the tone of our whole class,' said my friend, 'because she was so true and direct and straightforward. She had no affectations; she was always herself.'—Selected.

Henry's Revenge.

A Fact.

Henry was a boy of ten when the following incident took place. The little lad was generous and good in general, but, like other people, Henry would sometimes do wrong.

His father was dead, and Henry's mother was wont to tell him that he must comply with the wishes and even the commands of his elder brother. This was not tasteful to Henry, especially at times when, to him, the elder brother seemed exacting.

One day the two boys fell to quarrelling and the younger felt himself the injured party. After the quarrel Charles, the elder boy, went upstairs to his room and in a little while called 'Henry, Henry, bring me up a pitcher of water.'

Henry, wrathful and resentful, would have flatly denied the request but for his mother's injunction ever fresh in his mind. With this before him he did not dare to refuse to do his brother's bidding, but as he filled the pitcher at the well, he murmured to himself, 'I'll fix him, I'll fix him!'

After he had filled the pitcher with pure fresh water he scooped up some dirt from the path and threw it into it, then gathered up a few twigs and pushed them into it, and, last of all, stuck his bare toes into the now almost muddy water. He chuckled to himself as he went through the hall and began to ascend the stairs with the pitcher, saying softly, 'Mother can't say I did not mind Charlie, but Charlie won't care much about this water, I guess.'

Oh, yes, it was very funny; but when Henry reached about the middle step of the stairs he stumbled, and down came the dirty water all over the stairs, running in a polluted stream over the clean and pretty carpet. The pitcher was broken, and the mother, hearing the crash, came from the sitting-room to find out the cause of it.

She did not have to ask who did the mischief, for the culprit stood with wide open eyes and frightened face right in the middle of the stairs.

This mother believed in the rod, so chastisement followed, and Henry had to carry another pitcher of pure, fresh water to Charlie in to the bargain.'—'Can. Baptist.'

Love is Life.

What must be done for life—eternal life—the deepest and best? Everyone desires to know that. We all want to drink of the goblet of life, and to drink it to the last drop, to know everything that can be known in the brief limits of our existence, of true enjoyment. Everyone asks the question, in one form or another, How can I taste the inner meaning of life?

This is the answer—Love is life, and every man that loves perfectly God and his fellows is already drinking of the River of Water of Life that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb.

You may be startled for a moment, having been wont to hear from the lips of teachers and preachers the formula,' Believe and live. Is there then a contradiction when the Master says, Love and Live? No, as you will discover as soon as you endeavor to live a life of perfect love without believing in Christ. You cannot do it. If you could, the Gospel would be needless; but because it is impossible for man to love like this, the Lord Jesus came to renew our natures, and teach us to love; yea, He ascended on high to send the Holy Spirit, that He might shed abroad the love of God in our hearts. Love is not indigenous to the children of Adam's race; it must be implanted as an exotic from heavenly soil.

But when we speak of love, we do not mean that it is primarily an emotion of the soul; it is the expression of the soul in action. Love consists in being willing to do. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength.' Many are disappointed because they try to love God with their hearts before they make Him first in their will. They who begin by serving another will end in loving him with warmth and tenderness of sympathy.

Watch Your Words.

Keep a watch on your words, boys and girls,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like the bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal—
The wounds they make, boys and girls,
Are always slow to heal;
May peace guard your life, and ever
From the time of your early youth,
May the words you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth!

—Selected.

'Twice Saved.'

A strange irregular group of mud and wattle huts, with old thatched roofs, huddled together, without regard to any law of order. A high stockade encircles the village, made of ugly hard wood, selected to withstand the ravages of white ants below ground, and the headlong rush of the village herd when lions prowl above.

These were the home surroundings of little Siawimbu, in the heart of Angola, West Central Africa. This strange village, nestling in the broad shade of a ring of mighty 'ovilemba'

A Typical Boys' Letter.

The following enthusiastic letter shows how one of our boys in one of the biggest cities in Canada received his camera. The camera was rushed on ahead of the film roll, hence the anxiety. The first roll of films was easily earned, and a generous supply can be secured right along on the same basis, so that the full pleasure of the camera will cost only a little easy work each month. But, for the letter:

'I received camera O.K. this morning. It is much nicer than I expected. I nearly jumped out of my boots when I saw it, and am looking anxiously for the films so I can start using it. I thank you very much for such a nice present for such a small amount of work.

Yours respectfully, WALTER MITCHELL.

Cameras and supplies are not the only things our boys can earn. Watches and chains, knives, fountain pens are easily won. Other premiums being arranged for.

Write us to-day for a package to start on and letter of instructions. No money needed. Pay when sold. We trust you.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

School again! What are you going to do about a flag this year? If your school has none, make it your business to see that it gets one. Read our advertisement and flag item elsewhere in this paper, and show them to the other boys, and to your teacher. Somebody has to be the starter. Why not you?

trees, was the ombala or capital of the Bihe's King.

Into one of these little houses, in the dusk of evening, plunged a dark, wild-looking African. There is only the red glow of a little fire on the ground, which he stoops to blow into a flame with his mouth before seating himself upon a tiny wooden block.

'Onye wa luluma uteka ulo?' the voice comes from a reed mat near the wall. Yet again the question is asked, 'What for do you tremble to-night?' 'Ha,' he replies, 'nusumbako?' (is it not fear?) 'Has not the King's medicine man named Siawimbu for a sacrifice to the spirits of the great, and said that my own hands must slay him?'

'My father, my mother! Woe is me! I am lacking,' he groaned with a half wail.

'Nilako epito!' (shut the door), the strong voice replies in a dry whisper; our boy is waking.

'My father, my mother, what shall I do? I am lacking, I am lacking.'

'To-night we flee,' says the mother voice again; we shall flee far with the moonlight. Early in the morning we shall cross the plain; the day after to-morrow shall we not sleep under the shadow of another chief! Siawimbu shall live!'

Silently, in the dead of night, the king's executioner made a way where the fence was rotten. Then he crept back for a bundle of his precious rubber, while the mother, with her treasure enveloped in an old horse blanket, slipped like a shadow through the night into the forest, cautiously feeling for the rut-like path with her feet.

Presently she was joined by her husband, who speedily loaded her up with a goat skin of meal, a gourd, and a small tusk of ivory. Then on they stole, silently past a neighboring village, through another belt of wood, across a little brook, and up through the rustling maize fields, where they found an empty store hut in which to await the rising of the moon. The distant howl of a hyena seemed to make their tiny shelter doubly welcome.

When the morning glory of the sun warmed their poor bodies they were far away on the rolling plain, and Siawimbu was saved from death.

Long afterwards, when listening to the missionary telling how the baby Jesus was saved from death, Siawimbu thought of what his mother had told him, and so he wanted to hear more.

By-and-by, when he learned God's only begotten Son really tasted death for every man, woman, and child, Siawimbu wondered still more. Then the gentle light of God's Spirit shone into his heart and showed him that sin brings death, but that the death of Jesus brought life to all those who would but accept Him. Siawimbu chose Jesus and everlasting life. Now he is a man preaching Jesus to his own people in Bihe.—H. Lawford Nicholls, in the 'Christian.'

Rook Justic.

'Caw, caw, caw!' What a chattering there was, to be sure, up in the topmost boughs of the tall elm tree! 'Caw, caw, caw! Times are bad and worms are scarce,' said an old bird. 'What is to be done?'

'It really is a very serious state of things,' replied Mr. White-face Rook. 'The snow covers everything, the ponds are frozen over, and what is an honest hard-working rook to do, I should like to know?'

'Starvation stares us in the beak!' cawed Uncle Frederick.

'Oh, uncle, it is hardly as bad as that!' said a more hopeful nephew.

'Here is our Benjamin,' cried Mrs. Whiteface Rook, plaintively, counting up his ribs. "There's ever so many of them, mother,' he said. 'Oh, he has fallen away sadly. "Mother," he said to me, "I really must have something of a wormy nature to keep me going!" and I said, "My darling, what can mother do? It is no use for you to sit and count your ribs; fly about, and just see what you can pick up." So he has taken my advice, and gone, but, poor dear, he could hardly fly, being so weak in the wing tendons!'

'I am sorry for him, ma'am,' said the old rook respectfully, 'and I'm sorry for you and myself and the whole colony. If we could but moisten our throats with a billful of water what a joy it would be! But there, as you very sensibly observed, ma'am, it is no use to sit and grumble; the worse things are, the greater is the necessity for exerting ourselves!'

Just then there was a caw of surprise from Mrs. White-face Rook. 'Well, I never!' she said, 'if there isn't our Benjamin coming back already, and I am pretty sure the dear child has news!'

'Father, and rooks all,' said Benjamin, as he alighted on the nearest branch, 'just give me a moment to get my breath!'

The birds waited in anxious expectations.

'News, indeed!' cawed the young bird; 'you must know, rooks all, that as I hovered by the mill on the look-out for anything eatable, the door opened and out came Mrs. Miller and her son, William Wallace Bruce Miller. "My child," said his mother, "I want you to go for me to Mr. Bangs, the baker, and fetch a quarter loaf. Here is five-pence to pay for it, and mind you don't lose the coppers!"

'Rooks all, if you don't know William Wallace Bruce, I do! He is a horrid boy who robs nests, and what I say is this; as he robs us, let us rob him, and now is our opportunity!'

'Caw, caw!' cried the rooks, 'that is only justice; come along, friends, we'll be even with Master Miller!'

'Hurrah!' cawed Mr. White-face Rook; 'lead the way, my child!'

Off they flew, those six determined rooks, and kept a sharp look out.

'I see him over yonder!' said Benjamin, 'he has a feather—a rook's, too—in his cap! And look, in his arms he carried a loaf half as big as himself!'

By this time Master Miller had got about

'WHAT A CHATTERING THERE WAS!'

half-way home, and was now in the middle of a big field. The loaf was really a most awkward shape, and the further he went the more tired he grew and the more his arms ached.

Whiz! Whiz! Bless me, what in the world can that be? He gave a frightened glance upward at Mr. and Mrs. White-face Rook hovering close to his head, and the sight of four other rooks coming to join them increased his dismay. 'Help! help!' shouted William Wallace Bruce, and began to cry.

'Caw, Caw!' said the birds, 'if you don't drop that big loaf instantly, we'll peck you, Master William Wallace Bruce Miller.'

The boy did not understand rook language, of course, but the little birds' intentions were very evident, and promptly dropping the loaf, he ran off as fast as a stout pair of legs could carry him.

'I don't know what his mother said to him, but I know that William Wallace Bruce Miller was cured of robbing nests.—'S. S. Messenger.'

Two Lives.

'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Yes! and truth is stronger than fiction also; one case which we have seen for ourselves makes far more impression than twenty 'made up' or even 'dressed up' stories told by others. Let me try to bring before our readers two lives which have been partly lived in my own neighborhood. If I can make the contrast between them even half as vivid as the reality, there will be no need for me to 'point a moral,' the lesson is too obvious.

Some twenty years ago two sisters were married on the same day, and with, apparently, almost equal prospects of happiness. But the elder girl, whom we shall call Susan, made a more advantageous choice than Jane as regards the things of this world, for James White was a handsome, prosperous young man, full of life and energy, proud of his fine-looking bride, and most anxious to make her comfortable and bright. Jane wedded a quiet God-fearing farmer, and settled down very tranquilly to 'guide the house and bring up children.' William Scott was worthy of her trust, and love, year by year their affection for one another deepened, and, although they never expected to be wealthy, their land yielded increase proportioned to the patient care bestowed upon it, their cattle were well looked after, and prolific, in every trial and loss they turned to God with submission, and to each other for comfort. Jane saw her sons and daughters grow up around her in ways of honor and honesty, and she had no need to envy any mother in the kingdom.

I do not say that there were not drawbacks to prosperity, or disappointments to be faced by the dwellers in Scott's farm. Our paths are never altogether smooth, but I believe firmly that, even in this present world, 'the Lord upholdeth the righteous.'

Susan White came to visit her sister from time to time, and rather laughed at her quiet and homely ways. She loved to display her own handsome dresses, and tell of the presents which James brought her when he returned from doing business in distant towns. He was an auctioneer by profession, and greatly sought after as a clever and rising man.

But the fees gained did not satisfy the young couple's desires for wealth. They found that their dwelling was in an excellent position for trade, and very soon a license was obtained, and a public-house opened. It prospered beyond their hopes, from morning to night, and sometimes far beyond night-fall, the bar was crowded, Mrs. White was gay and attractive, the liquor which she dispensed was decidedly better than that obtainable in the shops around, and fortune seemed to smile upon all the business carried on.

After awhile, however, Susan found herself less able to stand all day in the shop, a baby-boy came to divert her attention, and she was often weary and weak. Some neighbor advised her to drink a bottle of porter daily 'to keep up her strength,' and Susan followed the prescription with ready acquiescence. Then a day came when the porter was not a sufficient stimulus to flagging energies, and 'a little whiskey' was added, the 'little' soon became 'much,' and James White was horrified by finding his wife helplessly intoxicated when he returned home one evening after a busy day's work. He did not reproach her severely, he was so gentle with her that she was really distressed at having grieved him, and promised that such a thing should never, never happen again. Her good resolutions did not last long however, for they were built upon no secure foundation, and Susan's second fall made her less able to resist temptation to a third. Matters went quickly from bad to worse, and poor James finally decided to give up the shop, quit his once comfortable home, and move to another house in the hope that reformation would result, and his wife 'turn over a new leaf,' and keep it turned. But we do not change our characters with changed surroundings, and Susan was no better able to deny herself intoxicants at E—— than at M——. Perhaps the disgrace was even more noticeable there.

James had truly loved her, and it preyed upon his mind so greatly that he tried an awfully foolish but all too common remedy for his grief. The misery caused by drink was forgotten for a few hours by means of drink, and the fine young man yielded himself hopelessly to its influence.

It was a melancholy thing to visit that household. Father and mother confirmed inebriates, children despising and cursing their parents, and leaving them as much as possible to taste the fruits of their doings alone. The youngest son, born when his mother was at her worst, proved afterwards deficient in intellect, not exactly an imbecile, but weak and helpless mentally, willing to be led by every fresh tempter, a trouble and sorrow to those who cared for him in after years.

We must not prolong this sad record by dwelling on details. When the curtain rises again we find Susan alone except for the lad just mentioned, her husband in a drunkard's grave, and her four elder children making their own way in the world as best they could. After various plans and places had been tried Susan was given a comfortable lodge in which to live with Dennis, and might have been in fairly easy circumstances had she conducted herself wisely. At first all went well, poor Susan came under good influences, took the pledge, and promised to turn from her sinful ways for ever. But she had to transact business occasionally in a little town near by, and the temptations there proved again too strong for her. She fell deeper than before, and after fresh repentance, only went back to fresh degradation. Finally, she implored a kind lady friend to save her from herself, and do what seemed best for her, as she could not guide her own conduct. She was sent at first to a quiet farm house, at a great distance from public-houses, and placed under the care of a farmer and his wife, but continual complaints were followed by her determination not to remain at L——. Susan returned, and was next established in an inebriates' home in Scotland. There she was obliged to keep from drink, but her unhappiness was great, and her discontent wore out the patience of all her relations. None would do anything more for her. All longed for her death. Her maintenance was provided on the condition that she never set foot in her native land again. One daughter was about to make an advantageous marriage, and had the honesty to tell her lover all about her unhappy mother. His love was unchanged, but he asked that the secret might be kept from all his family. So Annette had a continual 'skeleton in her cupboard,' and was badly able to meet the constant drain on her resources, and strain on her mind. After two years spent in misery, Susan managed to scrape together a little money, and appeared once more in the old neighborhood. She took a room—a damp, dark place—in our village, 'hoping to live the rest of her time in peace' near her youngest boy. When Christmas time came round she was asked to prepare a plum-pudding for a friend, and insisted on putting in a glassful of whiskey.

This seems to have aroused the old craving, and her last fall was final. A drunken bout was followed by complete break-down of her worn-out constitution; exposure brought on a chill, and disease of the lungs rapidly supervened.

Must she die in the workhouse? we asked one another, and God answered through the kind heart of Jane Scott.

I last saw poor Susan on a summer evening last September. She had been received into the home of that good sister, and lay, surrounded by kind care, gasping out her life.

All the surroundings were ideal. The farmyard, so nicely kept, full of flowers. The bright garden with its bee-hives, fruit and flowers. The spotless kitchen, well furnished with every homely comfort, and Jane herself, gentle, motherly, neat as always; thankful for her good husband, and the sons and daughters growing up in godliness and prosperity. They were 'plain farmers,' but there was money to spare for such luxuries as bicycle and piano; leisure for books, for Bible study, and family prayer. Above all else there was the atmosphere of love—love towards one another, and towards Him of Whose gifts it is written, 'The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.'

All James' children were and are Total Abstainers. They never tasted drink, and never needed it. What a contrast was presented by the sisters who began their married life on the same day!

Susan White, dying a pauper, without one human being to regret her, knowing that she had entailed a curse upon her children, been the means of her husband's ruin, alienated and disgraced her friends; while Jane who sought first God's righteousness had 'all good things added' unto her.

The poor woman was humbly repentant at last; she passed away very suddenly, but not until she had sought forgiveness from Him who never casts out a sinner, and she grieved alone for the young son left behind her, whose incapacity and weakness she knew only too well.

I have told this story because it illustrates very strikingly many points which are brought forward by those who speak in the cause of Total Abstinence. The facts are absolutely true, and alas, I fear, only too common. But I have never met the different phases of drink and its consequences so strikingly exemplified in one person. Had space allowed many more details of interest could have been given. Such as it is—brief and bare, and matter of fact—I trust the record may be useful, and may perhaps bring home to some minds the reality of the ruin to 'mind, body, and estate,' caused by yielding to the first temptation, and drinking to its last dregs of bitterness the cup of retribution, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.'—An Irish Secretary, in the 'Temperance Record.'

The Bishop of Hereford on Betting.

At Oxford, recently, the Bishop of Hereford told a large and influential audience that in all his life he remembered no time when the greed of gain was so strong as now. He spoke such words on 'Sport, Betting, and Gambling' as ought to be pondered by every man and woman in the land. In connection with the special perils of the gambling evil, the Bishop told how he had been engaged on a Betting Committee of the House of Lords, and thought the most striking evidence they had had was given by a very influential working man, Mr. Robert Knight, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had been ten years a justice of the peace; he was brought up as a mechanic, and he followed his trade for twenty-five years. He had retired now, but he was the general secretary of the Boilermakers' and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders' Society, which had nearly 50,000 members, for twenty-nine years. His evidence was very strongly condemnatory of betting.—Selected.

IF NOT ALREADY TAKING THEM

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Sympathetic Dog.

We may truly say that of all animals the dog is the most intelligent and the most faithful. What clever tricks dogs can be taught to perform! But many times they exhibit much thought and intelligence without being taught. I had a dog once whose name was Brownie; it was a water spaniel. Now, Brownie did not like being brushed, so to avoid this it used to hide its brush in its kennel.

Here is a story of a most sympathetic dog. A shepherd once left his little boy on the mountain side while he went a little higher up in search of some wandering sheep. A thick mist came on, and all trace of the boy was lost. Careful search was made in all directions, but without any good results. Days passed, but there were no tidings of the lost child. It was noticed that the dog, as soon as it received its biscuit, hurried away with it in its mouth. The dog was followed; it was seen to go into a cave, and here the boy was discovered in good health. He had lived on the biscuits brought by the dog, who, no doubt, had gone without food in order to feed the little wanderer.

—Selected.

The Secret.

O, it's I that am the captain of a
tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on
the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all
around and all about;
But when I'm a little older I shall
find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on
beyond. —R. L. S.

The Wisest Way.

'Monday, I think, is the nicest
day.'
Said Ted, as he merrily left his
play.
On Tuesday, too—Why, nothing
went wrong,
So happy was he the whole day
long.
'Of Wednesday I wish I had a
ton—
They bring a fellow such heaps of
fun'
Thursday, though raining the morn.
ing through,
Saw him get done what he wished
to do.
Friday he spent in helping his
brothers,
And somehow, that day surpassed
the others!

Saturday, with so many errands
to run,
Really equalled his Wednesday's
fun.
Now, isn't our Ted's the wisest
way—
To make the most out of every
day?
—'Child's Hour.'

Two to Begin.

'Where are you going, Polly? You shan't go till you tell me.'

Polly's little friend Elsie took hold of her dress and held her.

'Do let me go, Elsie,' said Polly, with tears in her eyes.

'Oh, yes; do let her go,' said Jennie, in a cross voice. 'I know what she wants. She wants to get away from me. Let her go.'

'May I go with you then?' asked Elsie.

'Yes.'

So Polly began running again and Elsie followed. Around to the back of the schoolhouse, behind the bushes that grew there, past the big pine tree under which was the playhouse, up the little hill to the bit of a grove where the spring bubbled out. Here they sat down.

'Now, tell me why you wanted to run away,' said Elsie as soon as she could find her breath.

'Elsie,' said Polly gravely, 'if I hadn't, I should have said something dreadfully wicked.

'Should you, Polly?' said Elsie.

'Yes, I'm so dreadfully angry with Jennie.'

'Oh, dear!' said Elsie.

'I can't help it,' said Polly. 'We were coming to school together this morning, and when we were half way Jennie had forgotten her lunch. And then I said she needn't go back, for I would give her half of mine. And I did. And when we were eating it she told the girls there would have been jelly on her bread, and there wasn't any on mine. And I had gingerbread, and she said she would have had jelly-cake—and she didn't think much of gingerbread anyway.'

'I think she's just as mean as she can be,' said Elsie, in a tone which was very comforting to Polly.

"And I was going to say to her that I'd never give her a taste of anything if it were to save her from starving. And then I remembered what mamma told me to do when I wanted to say ugly words. I want to say them so often, you know.'

'Not a bit oftener than the rest of us, I'm sure,' said Elsie, as Polly

stopped to give her head a mournful shake.

'I'm afraid I do. Well, mamma says the best way, when you can't help saying them, is to get out of the way as fast as you can. So I didn't say one word to Jennie. Not one.'

Polly smiled in triumph.

'Mamma says,' she presently went on more soberly, 'that Satan is always hanging 'round to try to make people do wrong. And he's strong, and so smart and cunning that if it wasn't for just one thing he would always have his way with us. That one thing is the help that Jesus gives us when we ask him. But, you see, we're not quick enough about it sometimes. And Satan is always quick, and so he puts the ugly words in our mouths, and out they pop before we know it. That's why it's good to get out of the way. Then you can't say 'em, for there's no one to say 'em to.'—The Round Table.

The Fish in the Brook

Merry little fishes,
In the brook at play,
Floating in the shallows,
Darting swift away.
'Happy little fishes come and play with me!
'No, O no!' the fishes say, 'that can never be!'

Pretty bodies curving,
Bending like a bow,
Through the clear, bright water,
See them swiftly go.
'Happy little fishes, may we play with you?'
'No, O no,' the fishes say, 'that would never do!'

—Emily Huntingdon Miller, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.'

Dolly Lefa's Lesson

By Helen M. Richardson, in 'The Child's Hour.'

Snowball was in disgrace; and so was his little mistress, Dolly Lefa. Snowball's disgrace consisted in trailing his beautiful white fur coat through the coal-bin. Dolly Lefa hardly knew why she was disgraced, unless it was because she insisted upon taking the poor forlorn kitten into her lap.

Snowball was not to blame for Dolly Lefa's dirty dress; he did not know that coal-dust rubbed off—neither did Dolly Lefa until it was too late.

'Put that dirty kitten down this minute! See what a sight he has made of your clean white dress!' Mrs. Wayles exclaimed when she came into the room. Then she stamped her foot, and said 'Scat!' so loudly that Snowball was out of sight before Dolly Lefa could cry out: 'Snowball isn't to blame, mamma; I took him up.'

'Snowball must be taught to keep out of the coal-bin; and my little girl must learn that white dresses are not made for dirty cats to rest upon,' reproved her mother.

So Dolly Lefa had been left alone in the nursery in her soiled white dress to 'learn not to hold dirty cats.' And Snowball had crept down stairs with his tail between his legs and curled himself up in a corner under the stairs.

After Dolly Lefa had sat there a few minutes she began to feel lonesome. She was to remain in the room an hour, her mother had said.

The clock on the mantel had ticked away about ten minutes of the time when the little girl thought she heard a faint mew at the door.

'Mamma did not say that I must sit right in this chair, and she did not say keep the door shut,' mused the little girl. So down she slid and tripped across the floor and opened the door just a crack, and Snowball's little paw did the rest. 'My! Snowball! what would mamma say if she should find you here?' exclaimed Dolly Lefa, delighted to see her pet, and a little frightened as well.

Snowball seated himself comfortably on the fur rug and began to take a bath. This gave Dolly Lefa an idea.

'I'll give Snowball a bath in the wash-bowl,' said the little girl; 'and then, when he is all nice and clean, p'r'aps mamma will let me hold him again.'

At first Snowball made no objection to the water; in fact, he appeared to enjoy it. Dolly had found the bowl, half filled with water, upon the floor of the bath-room; and in carrying it from there to the nursery a great deal of what was in it had splashed out on the ill-fated dress. In fact, so little water was left in the bowl when kitty was placed in it that I doubt if he knew there was any there; for he was contentedly curling himself down in it for a nap, when Dolly Lefa decided that kitty's bath-tub must be fuller. She liked to splash around in lots of water, and so, of course, Snowball would.

On her next trip she brought a pitcher. There was water in it, too. But the pitcher was deeper than the bowl, so none of it splashed over. It would have been better for Snowball, however, if it had. Poor Snowball! He was just dropping off to sleep when down came a shower-bath of water from Dolly Lefa's pitcher.

'S—pit! s—pit! s—pit!' Snowball was out of the bowl in an instant. His fur stood up like the quills of a porcupine. And every time he said 'S—pit!' he shook himself. And every time he shook himself Dolly Lefa felt little trickles of water on her face and in her eyes—and her dress! What would her mother say when she saw it!

Snowball by this time had concluded that he was not called upon to defend himself any longer, and, like a sensible cat, was endeavoring to make himself look respectable again.

Dolly Lefa wished that she could do the same. My! what 'would' her mother say now! If only Snowball hadn't opened the nursery door!

But did he open the door? Dolly Lefa wasn't quite sure whether she had done it or the cat. Snowball's paw certainly had pushed it open; but—

'I guess it was me, Snowball,' she confided, as the cat blinked good-naturedly at her from the rug where he had taken refuge.

'This has all happened because I disobeyed mamma, Snowball,' she went on, as Snowball continued to eye her attentively. 'Mamma told me to sit in that chair an hour; and all this has happened, and it is only half an hour now. I don't s'p'ose she will ever let me hold you again, when she sees me.'

'Are you sorry?' blinked Snowball, from the rug.

'Yes, Snowball; I'm just as sorry as I can be!' answered Dolly Lefa.

'Tell her so; I would,' purred the cat.

'Wh— what! and be whipped, Snowball?'

'Mothers don't whip sorry children,' Snowball purred again.

The nursery door opened softly, but Dolly Lefa did not hear it; she was sound asleep, her little tear-stained cheek snuggled close to the sleeping cat, and both were dreaming.

'I—I tried to wash Snowball, mamma, 'nd—'nd he didn't liked to be washed,' Dolly explained when she rubbed her sleepy eyes open, and saw her mother standing beside her. 'But I'm just as sorry as can be!' she went on to say, following Snowball's advice.

'You were right, Snowball; mothers don't whip sorry children,' Dolly Lefa confided to Snowball, the next day. But she also told him that he never could sleep in her lap again after a visit to the coal-bin

Correspondence

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and like going very well. I think I will be a school teacher. My teacher is very kind, and I like her very well. I have two brothers and one sister. We have thirty-one young turkeys, thirten young ducks, and sixty-one chickens. And I have three more of my own with a little bantam hen of mine.

L. ELVA TINDALE.

N. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the seventh grade. There are seventeen pupils in our school, and I like our teacher very much. We have a mission-band, and the lady that attends to the band I also like very much. My father is a farmer. We have two flocks of hens, and one chicken named May-flower.

INEZ ISABEL McLEOD.

N., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters and stories, also to look at the drawings. I have not seen any letters from this part. I am a little girl eleven years old. My mother has an incubator. It hatched four hundred chickens this year. I will close with a riddle: Why is a gallon measure like a side-saddle?

GLADYS RUTH SOMMERS.

A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—The five places I would like to go to are Halifax, Sydney, Niagara Falls, and Winnipeg. I have a brother there; he is a furrier. Scotland is not in Canada. But I would also like to go there to see the Urquhart Castle. I have two sisters and three brothers. I am the youngest in our family.

I go to the St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church and Sunday School every day. Before school begins, our minister is going to take the boys that belong to the Guild out to the shore for a week. Perhaps you will hear from me again.

ROSS URQUHART (aged 13).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 11 years of age. I go to school when there is any. I went to Sarnia on an excursion. I was on the boat and went over the St. Clair River. Some people were bathing in Lake Huron. My oldest brother and my mother went with me. We have been out to the raspberry patch a few times. The berries are small and we didn't get many, but we have a few in the garden. We have a lot of grapes on the vines this year

AMY G. BROWN.

T., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Do you allow any grown-up 'kids' in your list of correspondents? I am seventeen years of age, but I still like to read the children's letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought if it was permissible, I would write a short letter myself.

This is a large town of over 6,000 inhabitants, and is about 65 miles east of Halifax, the capital of the Province of Nova Scotia. It is considered one of the most beautiful towns in the province, and has, as one of its attractions the Victoria Park, noted for its beautiful falls and natural scenery. We also have in our town the Provincial Normal School, the School of Science, County Academy, Model School, and Household Science and Manual Training Schools.

This town is also noted for its manufacture of woollen goods. I go to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. The Sunday School held their annual picnic at Folleigh Lake, a beautiful sheet of fresh water situated about twenty-five miles from here. We left the station at half-past nine in the fore-noon, and arrived at our destination shortly before noon. We found a number of summer cottages had been erected along the shore of the lake, and still more are being built at the present time. After dinner we were rowed over the lake by two young men and when all had had a turn on the water the children ran races until they were tired. We left for home about 6 o'clock, and arrived at half-past seven. Altogether, I think everyone enjoyed themselves very much.

JEAN MURRAY.

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have only been in Saskatchewan one year, and I like the country very well. The wild strawberries were quite plentiful here this year. We have over three hundred chickens and seventeen ducks.

NAN HOBKIRK.

S., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am 15 years old, and have one sister and two brothers. For pets we have a monkey, five rabbits, three ponies, four dogs, a cat, two canaries, eight bantam hens, and a fighting rooster. My eldest brother, 18 years old, has a saddle horse, and a pacer, and an automobile, which we enjoy very much. My mother has a saddle horse and a driving horse, and papa has two also. The ponies belong to us all. This is a nice city. The St. Francis River runs through here. The answer to Margaret S. Macdonald's riddle (August 2), is a watch.

CLARA NUTTER.

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. I have been helping my grandpa and grandma to hay. I have to get up early and go to the station and carry blueberry crates with the horse. She is a trotter. I like to stay here because I like to drive a horse. My father has no horse. I wish my father had a horse so that I could drive him. My grandpa's horse is a good gentle one, and a good trotter.

WILLIAM LLOYD NEWELL.

D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a few lines. My father is a store keeper. I am visiting my grandfather now. He lives in Hopewell, Cape Albert. My father's name is Albert, too. The page that I love best is the Correspondence page. My mother likes the page with the patterns on. I like to sail on the water. My father sent me a post card to-night. The school at D. is not opened yet; I will be sorry when it begins. I am going home to-day. I am glad I am going home. I am 9 years old.

MERRITT STEEVES.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Off for a Visit.' Allison E. Winslow, E., N.S.
2. 'On a Visit.' Alexander S. Murray, E., N.S.
3. 'Washington and Lafayette.' Frederick Ralph Burford (aged 9), C. P., Ont.
4. 'Union Jack.' Irvine Stewart (aged 9), M.B., N.S.
5. 'Hand.' Wilfrid Brooks (aged 9), M. B., N.S.
6. 'Sweet Apples.' Eddy Miner (aged 6), D. P., Ont.
7. 'Wigwam.' Saida Wright (aged 11), H., Ont.
8. 'Pansy.' Donald Frazer (aged 12), B. N'fl'd.
9. 'A Tapir.' Foster S. Murray (aged 9), E., N.S.
10. 'A Fiord.' Edwin R. Burgess (aged 11), P., Ont.
11. 'Cup and Saucer.' Clara Griffith (aged 9), H., Ont.
12. 'Double Mayflower.' M .P., (aged 11), B., Ont.
13. 'Parrot.' A. L. P. (aged 10), Peterboro.
14. 'Saddle Pony.' S .H. Adams (aged 12), R. D. H., Sask.
15. 'Willie.' Florence J. Murray (aged 13), E., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

Sara B. Cockurn, P. B., N.S., says her home is near 'a pretty little harbor.' Do you like the ocean, Sara?

Hilda Field, Montreal, says her favorite subjects at school are 'drawing, arithmetic, and writing.' Send in one of your drawings next time you write, Hilda.

Edwin R. Burgess, P., Ont., says, 'I am often amused by the drawings.' You are not our only correspondent from your home, Edwin, but we are glad you thought so since that made you write.

One of the letters received this week contained traced drawings. You know that kind of a drawing can not really be called your own. Of course it is all right to copy some one else's work, but don't trace, as that can't teach you any thing.

FLAGS for HOME and SCHOOL

AN INQUIRY FROM ABROAD.

It is not only throughout the length and breadth of Canada that the 'Witness' Flag Offer is known and endorsed. Our subscribers in foreign lands appreciate the movement most heartily. They are in a position to see what the flag, or rather the absence of it, means for children, growing up far from the land of their fathers.

Only this week comes a note from a missionary family in the heart of heathenism, seeking information from their favorite newspaper, as to how they may get a Canadian flag to celebrate the return from school of absent children, children who probably know nothing of Canada but what they imbibe from their parents, from books and pictures and from the very occasional contact with other Canadians abroad. There, then, is a home where a flag will surely be a potent influence in character building, as its various symbols are dwelt on and the attention directed to the glorious part the flag has played and is yet destined to play in the history of the Empire.

Our Flag Department invites correspondence with any home as well as any school in the Dominion that wishes to get the best possible flag in the easiest possible way.

Read our advertisement elsewhere in this issue and write us to-day.

HOUSEHOLD.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that clatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear a patter in my home once more;
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I,
But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!
—Mrs. May Riley Smith, in Baltimore 'News.'

Fuss or Work

As a rule, the woman who makes the greatest fuss and fluster about having 'no spare time,' really accomplishes very little.

It's mostly 'fuss and fluster' that keeps her busy. She jostles from one place to another and from scheme to scheme—and accomplishes almost nothing in comparison to the time she covers. Indeed, 'hustling round' nearly defines her achievements of each day.

Now, what does this woman who 'never has any time' accomplish more than her neighbor who never complains that she hasn't a moment for casual affairs or for kindnesses along the way?

Both women are housekeepers and homemakers. The one goes steadily through her domestic duties and enjoys them—and nobody ever heard her lament over 'no time to spare.' The other woman feverishly performs her domestic obligations, hurrying and driving, and fagging herself from start to finish—using spaces of time between for more feverish pursuit of errands or engagements that amount to nothing at all.

The woman who accomplishes the most and best work always has a definite object in view. She knows what she wants to do before she begins. Then she goes about it calmly and sticks at it steadily. She doesn't spend any minutes telling how much she has to do and how perfectly deprived of time she is. All the while she is sawing wood, or doing something or other that will count later in actual results.

Depend upon it, when the genuine workingwoman says little about her tasks and occasionally shows up, cheerful and even breezy, you may depend there's something doing in her province. Something worth talking about if she would speak the first word. But she won't. She gives an hour here and there and again to her friends. During those hours she's as serene as the woman of leisure, no matter how frazzled and pallid she may look—and she won't talk shop nor boast of having 'no time.'

The fact is, a lot of women have the habit of 'nervous hustle.' All there is to it is habit —a foolish naggling at their own nerves.—Chicago 'Journal.'

Gentility in the Kitchen

So much has been written and said on the subject of servants and the difficulties concerning them, that the cultured woman desirous of earning a competence, and content to enter on her duties in a businesslike manner, would be received gratefully as head of the kitchen and would open up a hitherto misunderstood field of occupation.

For instance, there is the gentlewoman past thirty-five, who, after a life of ease perhaps, is thrown on the world to gain her own living. She is quite incapable of great physical exertion, such as must be exercised in real housework, but probably she would have some knowledge of good home cooking and a practical experience of housekeeping and the method of serving the various dishes. After a course of the necessary training, to enable her to master the complicated details of the culinary art, and bringing her natural intelligence to bear upon the subject, she might venture on, say, a light place, having, of course, a kitchen to aid her.

To the woman nearing middle age the future generally appears hopeless, when, after giving the best years of her life to hard and underpaid toil, she is debarred from promotion and set aside in favor of the ever-advancing stream of younger workers. In cookery, however, experience and judgment are the chief requisites, and these can only be gained with time and practice. Still, it must be borne in mind that to take a situation as cook is not a light task; but, then, neither is any occupation by which money can be made, and all require some technical knowledge. However, an educated woman, if freed from the drudgery of saucepan washing and attending to the fire, might soon perfect herself in the necessary routine by a little thought and patience.

Why should it be thought degrading for a gentlewoman who has acquired a certain knowledge of cookery to call herself a cook, and to take a situation as such? Surely it is time for her to rouse herself and become aware that, if she will cast her false pride to the winds and boldly enter on her duties, she can command for her services a higher rate of remuneration, more actual comfort in her surroundings, and a considerable increase of independence. Likewise, if she is truly skilful and possessed of tact, she can easily enforce respect.

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped, and her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said as her tear drops back she forced,
'I hate the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said as they closer drew,
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through,
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, 'It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney.'

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, 'It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney.'
—Bret Harte.

The Sin of Too Much

There is one detail in which Americans sin against good taste and good sense, and that is

SCHOOL FLAGS FREE!

The 'Witness' Flag Offer Open to Everyone.

Canadian Flags for the Schools

Naval Flags, sewn bunting, standard quality and patterns, to be given as Special Premiums for bona-fide new subscriptions at regular rates to any of our publications. Only by specially importing these flags can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

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$9.00 in subscriptions wins a 2½-yard Flag, retail value .. ..$5.00 to $5.50
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This offer is no money-making scheme for us. What we want is to stimulate patriotic sentiment. We want our boys and girls to grow up loyal to our country and its flag.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for schools, public or private, but clubs, societies or communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known.

N.B.—We regret that postal regulations make it impossible to receive subscriptions at above rates for Montreal city or suburbs.

For Sample papers, flag cards, etc., address 'Flag Department,' John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

TRIBUTES TO OUR FLAGS.

THUNDER HILL, MAN.

From Thunder Hill, Man., where the work was led largely by one enthusiastic young girl, the Secretary-Treasurer writes:—

We received the flag by last mail. Yesterday being our annual picnic, the flag was brought to the grounds, where it was admired by everyone. The general expression was, 'It's all right.'

We desire to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the flag, and for your efforts to promote patriotism, and respect for the flag and all that it is intended to represent.

LACHUTE, QUE.

From Lachute, Que., the teacher writes:—

'Allow me to thank you for the pupils for the beautiful flag you sent us. All were well pleased with it, and considered themselves repaid for their work. . . I wish all the schools in Canada could, and would, take advantage of your very generous offer. I can assure you they would be satisfied with the result of their work.'

ONCE RAISED, ALWAYS PRAISED.

the overloading of their houses with senseless ornaments and furniture, writes Julia Ditto Young, in 'Good Housekeeping.' Rugs upon carpets, thirteen pillows to a couch, sash, lace and silk curtains all at one window, these are some of the household superfluities that chew up the dollar. Great good would follow a simplifying of domestic equipment. Work would be easier for servants, and easier in their absence, while the reposeful atmosphere of an uncluttered house would soothe both master and mistress. There has been some reform in this line, but 'Oh, reform it altogether!'

To every housekeeper who has not an account in the savings bank, the writer would say: 'Look over your crowded dining-room, where the chairs touch each other, and ask if you would not be as well off without the china cabinet and the fragile ware upon it—were intended to be washed only in butlers' pantries, not in a kitchen sink. Sell some of these useless trifles, or give them away, and put the money you would have spent in the bank, and never again buy anything for the house which is not needed, but each time you are tempted to add knicknacks and dust-catchers, put the money resolutely by, that some day you may have enough to buy a house.—Selected.

Some Candy Recipes.

PEANUT TAFFY.—One quart of peanuts chopped fine, and one pint of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in a saucepan, and, when melted, add the peanuts.

PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of water, one-quarter teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil eight minutes, add six drops of oil of peppermint, and beat until it granulates; drop from a pointed spoon on to oiled paper. Orange drops, etc., may be made by adding different flavoring. Color with cochineal coloring.

MOLASSES CANDY NO. 1.—Two cups of molasses and one tablespoonful of sugar. Stir occasionally while boiling. Before removing from the fire, add butter half the size of an egg and one-third teaspoonful of soda. Pour on to buttered tins and pull when cool.

MOLASSES CANDY NO. 2.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses and one-half cup of water. After it begins to boil, add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Do not stir. Before taking from the fire, add butter one-half size of an egg. Pour into buttered tins and pull when cool.

TAFFY.—Two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil about fifteen minutes, or until it hardens in water.

VINEGAR CANDY.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir before putting on the fire, but not after. Boil until it hardens in cold water

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Lemon juice added to fruit juices that do not jell readily, such as cherry, strawberries, etc., will cause them to jell.

Lemon juice added to milk until it curds, and these curds then bound upon parts swollen from rheumatism, will bring relief.

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